

LETTERS TO MURDERER

Made Him Weaken and He Confessed to Horrible Crimes.

ACKNOWLEDGES KILLING THREE

Charles H. Rogers, the Orange County (N. Y.) Murderer, Makes Full Confession of His Awful Crime—Police Chief Tells How He Secured It.

GOSHEN, N. Y., Oct. 24.—In telling on the witness stand how he obtained the confession from Charles H. Rogers, on trial here today for killing Fred and Willie Olney and Alice Ingerick in 1905, Chief of Police McCook of Middletown, said that Rogers agreed to tell the truth if his captors would return to him a package of love letters written by a girl in Chicago. When the letters were given to him he cried like a child, the chief said, and tore them up. Then he signed the confession.

The confession told every step he made, almost from the time he left home to the time of the murder. He said he went to the Olney Farm and walked around through the fields, so that no one might see him. Willie Olney was in the barnyard, Fred Olney having gone to a neighbor's to deliver milk. Rogers, representing himself to be a detective, told Olney he wanted help to capture a man in the woods. Willie Olney told him to wait until Fred Olney came back, and when Fred came the three men got in the wagon and drove across a field to a wood. Fred Olney and Rogers went into the woods, while Willie held the horse. Rogers then pulled his revolver and shot Fred Olney five times. At the sound of the shots, Willie Olney ran down into the woods, and as he reached Rogers the slayer put his revolver to the man's head and killed him instantly. Going through the pockets of the two men and taking \$6 and two silver watches, Rogers drove back to the barn and unharnessed the horse.

Going to the house, he asked Mrs. Gertrude Ingerick, housekeeper for the Olneys, for water and clothes, as one of the Olneys had been shot. Mrs. Ingerick took the water to the horse stable, where Rogers bent her over the road with an iron pipe and afterward covered her body with hay. Returning to the house he found Alice, the nine-year-old daughter of Mrs. Ingerick, playing in the kitchen. He told her to go down and close the cellar door and followed her. At the foot of the cellar steps he crushed her head with several blows of the iron pipe.

Mrs. Ingerick, who had identified him as her assailant, broke down when he told of the murder of her daughter. She shrieked in agony and was led from the court room.

While this story was being told Rogers was cool and collected, gazing straight ahead of him with a vacant stare.

The System at the Bastille.
We drove for some time, and being

perfectly acquainted with the streets of Paris, I said to the officer, "You are not taking me towards my hotel." He replied, "Yes; a little distance from it." Then I asked: "If a prisoner, and you are going to confine me, won't you allow my servant to wait upon me with my linen, and where are you going to carry me?" He assured me that I should want for nothing and would soon know where I was being taken. The coach stopping, the officer called out boldly, "Put down the bridge by order of his majesty the king." The truth then that I was to be confined in that horrible prison known as the Bastille. After passing three bridges we drove into a courtyard. Leaving the coach I was led into a large room well furnished. The officer took the commandant aside, then retired, wishing me a good night. The latter rang a bell and a man dressed like a cook, in white flannel waistcoat, a large apron in front and a white cap over his hair, entered. He proceeded to search me, and took away every article on my person. Meanwhile M. St. Savours, the lieutenant-governor of the Bastille, entered, and ordered the man to prepare my room in the fourth story up. Then the commandant whispered something to him and wished me good night, as also the governor. I then followed my guard, the cook, who took me across the court to the Bastille, through a large door and up a flight of stairs into a small room where the guard made a fire in a small Dutch stove, lighted my candle, and brought forth for me a pair of sheets, three napkins and a large jug of water. This done, he shut me up and wishing me another good night, left me a prey to my horrible thoughts and fears.

From the narrative of Peter Allaire, printed for the first time in the November Metropolitan Magazine.

John Sharp Williams on Punishing Bad Negroes.

From "The Negro and the South," by John Sharp Williams, in the November Metropolitan Magazine.

When we find a good negro we must encourage him to stay good and to grow better. We are doing too little of that. The old adage, "Give a dog a bad name and you have made a bad dog," is a good one. Indiscriminate cursing of the whole negro race, good and bad alike included, is an exemplification of the adage. I have frequently thought how hard it was for a good negro, especially during campaign times, to stay good or grow better when he could not come within sound of a white speaker's voice without hearing his whole race indiscriminately reviled without mention of him as an exception, even in the neighborhood where he was known to be one. Whatever else is, or is not, a solution of this vexed problem, this habit is not. Justice took hand in and with power or else power became tyranny. To every white man I would say in the words of Shakespeare: "It is excellent to have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant"—irrationally. We must and we will maintain the supremacy of the white man's law, even though sometimes the letter and form of that law are unfortunately violated in order to maintain the supremacy of its spirit. We will maintain in perpetuity the integrity of the race and of its civilization. To doubt that we can do that, when the governors, sheriffs, judges, and law-makers are of our race and elected by us is to doubt our own capacity for self-government.

NORFOLK'S QUEER CASE

Police Have a Deep Mystery to Solve in the Berry Case.

NOT A SINGLE CLUE IN SIGHT

Murderer Left \$450 Worth of Jewelry Behind—Dead Man Evidently a Gambler by Profession—Little is Known of His Past Life.

NORFOLK, Va., Oct. 24.—The police of Norfolk have a mystery to solve in the death of Alston H. Berry of Rome, Ga., whose body was found locked in a room at the Fairfax hotel, Tuesday afternoon. With the entire detective force working on the case, the second day after the finding of the body passed without a ray of light penetrating the darkness of the case.

Coroner Knight and a jury viewed the body today, but adjourned to meet again at some future time, without arriving at a verdict.

Clad in underclothing only, the body was found in bed, the throat cut from ear to ear, and the skull fractured at its base. The room was somewhat disordered. There was no weapon to be seen with which the wounds may have been inflicted on the dead man.

On the victim's trunk in the room was found the room key. The trunk was filled with fine raiment. Other articles of value in the room were a \$300 diamond ring, a \$100 stickpin, and Berry's gold watch valued at \$50.

The murderer left no track behind and whence he came and whether he went are equally mysterious. There was no window or other exit than the door through which he might have.

It is regarded as improbable that Berry was murdered in his bed, and therefore the body must have been placed there carefully by the murderer.

The lock on the door of the room would not be opened by the hotel pass key, or some unexplained reason, and it was necessary for the hotel carpenter to pick the lock.

Berry is alleged to have been a gambler, and several decks of marked cards and loaded dice in his trunk seem to bear out the allegation.

He was little seen about the hotel, and was usually absent at night. His room was last put to rights by a chambermaid on Sunday afternoon, and so far as is known, Berry was last seen about the hotel at that time, or the Saturday afternoon before, by the hotel chief clerk.

The chambermaid tried to enter the room on Monday. On again finding the door locked yesterday afternoon she reported the matter to the chief clerk, and the investigation followed.

The object of the murder probably was robbery. Berry is supposed to have had a large sum of money, and but \$3 was found in his room.

The body of the dead man was sent to Rome, Ga., last night.

Chief of Police Boush is inclined to the opinion that Berry was murdered by someone who locked the door as he left the room and threw the key back in the room through the transom.

HOW BRYAN WON HIS WIFE.

The Great Oration Needed His Wits When He Approached Father.

Mrs. Bryan still finds much amusement in reciting the difficulties Mr. Bryan encountered when he sought her father's consent to their marriage, says the November Delineator.

"Many people have remarked upon the fondness which Mr. Bryan shows for quoting Scripture," Mrs. Bryan has said. "This habit is one of long standing, as the following circumstance plainly shows. When it seemed proper for William to have a little conversation with my father it was something of an ordeal, as father is rather a reserved man. In his dilemma William sought refuge in the Scriptures and began: 'Mr. Baird, I have been reading Proverbs a good deal lately, and find that Solomon said: 'Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord.' Father being something of a Bible scholar, replied: 'Yes, I believe Solomon did say that, but Paul suggests that: 'While he that marryeth doeth well, he that marryeth not doeth better.'"

"Solomon would be better authority upon this point," he rejoined, "because Paul was never married, while Solomon had many wives." After this tilt the matter was satisfactorily adjusted.

Mr. Bryan's delight in farm life. They have a small place near Lincoln, Neb., and much of their time is spent there.

The Fall Poet.
A violet on dress parade!
But if I twang a string,
Before a stanza I have made.
I'll hear a blizzard sing!
If I should say: "His spring no more,"
An icy blast would slam the door!

But yesterday a breath of May,
Came o'er the meadows brown;
I saw a blue bird, blow away,
Perched on a wire in town.
But just as I my harp was stringing,
The weather man said: "Cold wave coming!"

Such things are hard to understand—
They lay us on the shelf!
When I the weather well have planned,
The weather runs itself!
But still we take what life is giving,
Thankful through all to keep a-living!
—Atlanta Constitution.

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The Town Clock.

(Original.)

A group of citizens stood in the market place of Schramberg, in the Black forest, looking up at the clock in the church tower.

"It has stopped," said one.
"No, but the hands move at a snail's pace," said another.

"I have been standing here fully ten minutes," said a third, "and can't detect the slightest change."
"And I have watched it for an hour," said a fourth. "The long hand shows a gain of two and a half minutes."

"When was the change noticed?"
"At 12 o'clock midnight. It has not struck the hour since."

"Let me see—two and a half minutes to the hour. At that rate the minute hand would sweep the dial in twenty-four hours. The clock registers but an hour a day."

From a little shop near by old Rotholz, the watchmaker, glanced out of his window at the group, shook his head at them, then turned and resumed his work. The day before his son had come to him, wringing his hands.

"Oh, father," he exclaimed, "Cicely has been condemned! Old Mother Gault swore that she had seen her with her own eyes vomiting crooked pins."

"What! That innocent girl condemned for witchcraft on the testimony of that hag?"
"Yes, and she is to be burned at the stake in three days. Oh, father, help! We are betrothed!"

The youngster, still in his teens, had not ceased to rely on his father for everything. The old man scratched his head and gave himself up to deep thought. Presently he said: "I cannot prevent this tragedy, but I may delay it."

"How?" asked the boy eagerly.
"You know, my son, that the clock in the church tower, which I made and about which no one except myself knows anything, is the legal time in the village—that is, the town clerk as well as watchmaker, keep the legal calendar and keep it by the clock. If I stop the clock I stop the village time, but in that case they would adopt another standard. I will make the hands go very slowly. This will delay the execution, and something may happen to save the girl."

In the middle of the night the old man went up into the tower and changed the clock's rate to one hour in twenty-four. Cicely could not be legally burned for more than two months.

The group standing in the market place after further discussion moved together to old Rotholz's shop, told him that the clock had nearly stopped and he must fix it. "Don't bother your heads about the clock," he said; "it will go well enough in time." "When?"

"After the girl who was condemned yesterday has been burned." "What has that to do with it?" "I don't know, I only know that the clock, which has kept perfect time ever since it was set up in the tower, has suddenly gone wrong." "Nonsense!" exclaimed most of the party, and they went away.

The old man insisted that he could not fix the clock, though, to satisfy the authorities, he pretended to try. In a few days the burghers, finding a new subject of interest, ceased to talk about the clock. A week later Antoine Hecker presented a note that was due to Karl Becker for payment. Becker declared that he would pay it when the town clock should say the time for payment had expired. Hecker went to Rotholz and asked for a certificate to that effect. Hecker declared that by the village time the note was not due. The result was a quarrel between the debtor and the creditor.

Then came a widow who wished to marry again. By the terms of her late husband's will she would lose everything he had left her if she married before a certain date. The date had expired, but the legal town time said that it had not. The clerk said it was his duty to keep the calendar by the clock. He could do nothing. The judge ordered him before the court and to fix the clock or keep the calendar by another timepiece. The town clerk refused to break the law, and the judge had no power to compel him to do so.

As the days and weeks elapsed the condition of the people of the village became more irritating. They quarreled about the time to go to bed, to get up, for meals. The children would not go to school till the clock struck the hour. Nobody would go to church because there was no knowing when they should go. Those who had watches tyrannized over those who had not and quarreled among themselves as to whose watch was right. At last the husband was so great that it became intolerable. A committee waited on the town clerk and begged him to fix the clock or break the law, promising him immunity.

"Not I," he said. "I believe that heaven shows its displeasure through the clock for the condemnation of a pure young girl for witchcraft."

When this was repeated to the judge he called the court together and reopened the trial of the condemned Cicely. Antoine Hecker, who was anxious to get his money from his creditor, having heard that the clock would not go properly till Cicely was acquitted, swore that the night before he had seen her accuser sailing by moonlight on the river in a sieve. All the dissatisfied people in the village supported his testimony. Cicely was acquitted, and the old woman was condemned to be burned in her stead.

That night at midnight the old clock struck the hour and thenceforth recorded the time correctly.

CHARLOTTE BOND HILL.

Harriet Livermore.

Harriet Livermore was an eccentric New England woman, who in her youth was a constant visitor in the Longfellow family, says the Courier-Journal.

She was the daughter of Judge Livermore of New Hampshire. She spent nearly thirty years in Europe, pursuing what she regarded as a religious mission, visiting convents and monasteries. She was ill-balanced, devout, violent almost to insanity, yet possessed of some striking personal attractions. In his "Snow Bound" Longfellow thus beautifully exaggerates her eccentricities:

"Where'er her troubled path may lie,
The monk's sweet pity with her go!
The untold, wayward life we see,
The hidden springs we may not know
Nor is it given us to discern
What threads the fatal sisters spin,
Through what ancestral years had run
The sorrow with the woman born,
What forged her cruel chain of moods,
What set her feet in solitudes,
And held the love within her mute,
What mingled madness in the blood,
A life-long discord and annoy,
Water hid within the folded bed,
Perversities of flower and fruit,
It is not ours to separate
The tangled skein of will and fate,
To show what metes and bounds
Should stand

Upon the souls debatable land,
And between choice and Providence
Divide the circle of events;
But he who knows our frame is just,
Morelful and compassionate,
And full of sweet assurance,
And hope for all the language is,
That He remembereth we are dust."

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